# THE COMPANION,

## AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.—

VOL. I. BALTIMORE, SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1805. No. 37.

THE PRICE OF THIS PAPER IS THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE HALF-YEARLY IN ADVANCE...NO PAPER WILL BE SENT OUT OF THE CITY, WITHOUT PREVIOUS PAYMENT, OR SURETY IN TOWN.


*Oh! fool! to think God hates the worthy mind,*
*The lover and the love of human kind,*
*Whose life is healthful, and whose conscience clear,*
*Because he wants a thousand pounds a year.*
*Honor and shame from no condition rise;*
*Act well your part, there all the honor lies.*
*Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow,*
*The rest is all but leather or prunella.* POPE.

*Mr. Easy,*

IT is reasonable to suppose, that all mankind feel a cogent inclination to travel through the paths of mortal life, with as much facility and accuracy as practicable; and that they all imbibe from the cradle of infancy, a tacit interest in using such means as appear most likely to promote the greatest degree of pleasure and happiness; therefore, it is a duty incumbent on them, of the first magnitude, to acquire a proficiency of themselves. But to reduce this to practice, is attended with considerable pains and self-denial; therefore, it is in some degree inconsistent with human nature to suppose, that it will please all classes of people. Yet, most cordially do I wish, that each individual, rich and poor, would employ a certain part of his time in the contemplation and comprehension of himself, so that he might be the better prepared to regulate his passions; and as the highest aim of good, strive to make himself a truly honest, amiable, and useful member of civil society; in preference to fixing his mind solely upon the paltry object of riches, and other vain pursuits, which are fleeting and inadequate to secure solid and lasting happiness. Such demeanour would be of the greatest utility to the human family, both publicly and individually; provided it could be brought to maturity, it would unquestionably tend to diffuse the happiest influence through every grade in society—it would dispel the sable agents of collusion, bribery and corruption, faction and sedition; reform abuses, and conciliate a great and happy change in the several orders and fortunes of men. But why waste the precious moments of swift winged time, by dwelling upon a subject equally romantic and visionary; for it is not compatible with reason to suppose, that amiable and virtuous dispositions exist in the constitutions of all men; yet, it is presumable, they might approach nearer virtue, was it not for the allurement of money; but it is not in the power of logic to make men believe, that virtue alone leads to infinite happiness and freedom, and that vice conducts them to inevitable misery and slavery. To use artifice and address in obtaining things of little, or no value, and neglect the chief source of enjoyments, avails nothing but a succession of disappointments and chagrin; and obviates the practicability of enjoying civil liberty in its fullest sense; for aptly speaking, no man can enjoy freedom and independence, who is the grovelling slave of avarice and folly—he is a fit subject for such absolute rulers as inflict servitude equally wretched and ignominious. The passion of self-interest is in some degree essential as it stimulates us in the pursuit of a competency of wealth to quell the cravings of nature, to place us in situations above being beholden to the proud, and to secure us from the sarcastic sneers of pomposity.—Every individual is not born in the lap of affluence; therefore, it becomes an indispensible duty incumbent on men thus circumstanced, to provide an honest and equitable maintenance for themselves and families, by dint of industry and frugality: Thus honest mechanics acquire a livelihood, and place themselves in easy circumstances by their daily labour, and, provided their desires and means are reciprocal, may live as happy and contented as those placed in higher ranks of life, and indeed far more so than the servile miser, whose coffers overflow with riches, wherein all the desires of his contracted soul concentrate. And the man who is blest with a superior genius, aided by the happy influence of a good education, may,

in some reputable profession, make himself eminently respectable and useful in society: so as to gain for himself a plentiful estate. Thus by a moderate love of money, aided by virtue and prudence, a man may acquire ease of body and mind, and place himself above the fear of want. Although I entertain rather a mean opinion of opulence with all its gaudy parade; yet, I do not mean to insinuate, that a moderate portion of wealth is not praiseworthy: for I am clearly of opinion that it furnishes the benevolent with means to infuse into the minds of others, by acts of kindness and compassion, the most delightful balm of consolation. On the other hand, when men sordidly aim at obtaining money solely for the love of it, their desires are without measure, for the more they acquire, the more they crave, without contributing the smallest mite to relieve the unfortunate: in the hands of such, it is more a curse, than a blessing. Hence I shall contend, that too great a craving after riches, even admitting that illicit measures are not used to obtain them, begets selfishness, and gradually *blights* the gay flowers of generosity in their bud, having a tendency to breed contempt instead of respect towards the honest and virtuous in a state of mediocrity. What a wretched character! it destroys in a great degree, the contemplation of natural beauties, which yield a far nobler entertainment to the mind, than sensual enjoyments. Such dispositions, sentiments and actions as tend to the general utility of mankind, gain a powerful ascendancy over the internal sense, so as to make the external appear far more amiable and lovely. Indeed it seems a folly for mankind to place their happiness in the enjoyment of sensual pleasures, when brutes have the advantage of them in that respect. Some men are pleased with the beauties of painting, statuary, music or poetry, when others are more in love with those peculiar to natural objects, such as the virtues of plants; the forms and dispositions of animals; the elements; the universe, celestial bodies, or the courses of the planets; all which, in my opinion, are calculated to produce more refined and ineffable pleasure, and delightful entertainment, than the greatest affluence imaginable. Whatever part we act on the stage of common life, our desires and aversions should be moderated as much as possible, so as to procure to ourselves an equality of mind. How is this to be affected? why, by a due regulation and castigation of all extravagant fancies and untoward opinions, and impartially considering for a moment the real pleasure or pain such passions are subject to; appreciating their attendant consequences, and balancing the aggregate of good and evil which they contain. By such scrutiny, we may be shewn the defect of all sublunary enjoyments; that they are uniformly pregnant with such calamities as tend to subdue those high and florid imaginations we are so prone to entertain; and thereby effect a temperature of our desires rendering them more calm and subservient to the situation of life;—it will also teach us that a number of supposed evils are not so horrid as they seem to be at first sight, but may possibly be incorporated with some good, so as to furnish an happy agent in banishing black and formidable ideas, rendering our alternate fears and aversions in a less degree tormenting. Thus by duly considering and amusing the attention by matters of the greatest concern, we may at last, make all our ideas of pleasure, and apprehensions of evil appear reasonable and just. Then indeed we shall be no longer governed in too great a degree by the gay flowers of fancy, nor will our passions of affection and disaffection be so impetuous and excessive; but we may by indefatigable attention habituate ourselves to patience, temperance and self-command.

BELLISARIUS.

## *FOR THE COMPANION.*

### HISTORICAL EVIDENCES OF THE TRUTH OF CHRISTIANITY.

(Continued from page 284.)

### DEMONSTRATION IV.

Their connection with posterior facts, and their having been acknowledged by those whose interest it was to deny them.

It is impossible in the present constitution of things, that effects can be produced without a cause. It follows that the cause of any events which have happened must have existed prior to the effects manifested; and many of those posterior facts resulting from the death of Christ could not have arisen, if that circumstance had never occurred. We are certain that the cause of any thing will produce a concomitant, and not a strange effect no way deducible from such a cause. To suppose that the death of Christ as a cause could effect any thing inconsistent with itself, or contrary to it, is supponere quod non supponendum. We shall notice some of these facts which will convince us that the gospel history must be true, or these posterior events could never have appeared. Every fact is indubitable, when there are others necessarily following, the certainty of which no one questions. There are facts yet subsisting which are the necessary consequences of the miracles of Jesus Christ; essentially connected with those related in the gospel, whose certainty has never been disputed. The conduct of the apostles with regard to their endeavours to spread the gospel: Soon after the death of Christ, the apostles separated to teach the uni

formed, to make known the miracles which they had seen done, and themselves to shew wonders, in and through that almighty power which had worked from the beginning. Nothing could disconcert their plans, or diminish their intrepidity. At their word, all human ideas changed; the ancient system appeared a vain fable; the geneallogy of their gods, a fiction, which revelation now shamed away, the answers of their oracles, a gross imposture; at the sound of their voice, of men without eloquence; artifice, or power, the heathen temples are deserted, the gods contemned, the sacrifices ceased, the altars and oracles forsaken, and the prophane feasts are forgotten. The gospel runs from kingdom to kingdom; nations are instructed, and nations converted. In less than two centuries the face of the world is altered, and the christian empire had soon spread wider than that of Alexander or the Romans. Was all this effected without a cause? It is incredible. Is it to be supposed that all this was done without examination? It is impossible. Men were convinced; once they were idolaters; now are they christians. This is a necessary consequence of the resurrection of Christ—but if that event be not certain, we are utterly at a loss to say why this revolution happened in the world.

The number and constancy of the martyrs. Soon after the church began to increase, direful persecutions were raised against it. From age to age, history shews us great personages, illustrious philosophers, otherwise the glory of paganism, abandoning their altar, embracing the humility of the cross, and in the most wretched torments, blessing the hands which smote them. Polycarp, Ignatius, Pothin, Irenæus, Justin, Clement, &c. were these credulous ignorant men? The most powerful enemies of the christian faith admired their elegant writings. We still read the eulogiums given to Origen and others, by Porphyrius a most bitter foe to the christians; he says:

Origenes hic est cujus ingens gloria inter eorum Magestros habetur. Hic namque auditor Ammonii fuit, qui summam laudem inter Philosophos prædecessores nostros tenuit. Sed Origenes, quantum quidem pertinet ad eruditionem literarum, totum pene in semit ipsum transfudit Magistrum. Assecutus quippe fuerat omnia Platonis secreta. Institutus fuerat in libris Numenii et Chronii et Apollophanis et Longini, sed et Moderati etque, Nicomachi: in Pythagoricis vero summorum virorum non eum latuere Commentarii. Attigit etiam Chremonis Stoici et Cornuti volumina.*

The emperors Adrian, Antoninus, and Marcus Aurelius, who prided themselves in their philosophic attainments, read with surprise the Apologists who wrote in defence of Christianity.

Jerome says, Quadratus Apostolorum Discipulus, nonne Adriano principi Eleusinæ sacra invisenci librum pro nostra religione tradidit. Et tantæ admirationi omnibus fuit, ut persecutionem gravissimam illins excellens sedaret ingenium. Aristides Philosophus, vir eloquentissimus, eidem principi Apologeticum pro Christianis obtulit contextum Philosophorum sententiis, quem imitatus postea Justinus Antonino pio et filiis ejus, senatuique librum contra gentiles tradidit defendens ignominiam crucis, et Resurrectionem Christi tota prædicans libertate.†

Orosius says, Hic, Adrianus, per Quadratum et Aristidem, virem fide sapientiaque plenum, et per Serenum Granium legatum libris de Christiana Religione compositis instructus atque eruditus, præcepit per Epistolam ad Minutium Fundanum proconsulem Asiæ datam, ut oemini liceret Christianos sine objectu criminis et probatione damnare. Verum Justinus Philosophus librum pro Christiana Religione compositum tradidit Antonino, benignumque cum erga Christianos omnes fecit.‡

Consider the miracles by which the martyrs were supported and upheld; they had not heard only of them, they had seen them, and had themselves performed them: at the name of Christ, at the simple recital of the words of scripture, they commanded nature, and she obeyed their voice; they chased diseases; they penetrated into the thoughts;—they spoke in divers tongues;—they prophesied;—and they restored the dead to life;—all these were necessary consequences of the resurrection of Christ, and demonstrate that event to have been prior to these facts.

Irenæus gives evidence of this in these important words:

Quapropter et in illius, Jesu Christi, nomine, qui vere illius sunt Discipuli, ab ipso accipientes gratiam perficiunt ad beneficia reliquorum Hominum, quemadmodum unusquisque accepit donum ab eo. Alii enim Dæmones excludunt firmissime et vere, ut etiam sæpissime credant ipsi qui emundati sunt a nequissimis spiritibus, et sint in Ecclesia. Alii autem et præscientiam habent futurorum, et visiones et dictiones Prophetarum. Alii autem laborantes aliqua infirmitate, per manus impositionem curant, et sanos restituunt. Jam etiam et quemadmodum diximus, et *mortui resurrexerunt* et perseraverunt nobiscum annis multis. Et quid autem non est numerum dicere gratiarum quas per universum Mundum Ecclesia, a Deo accipiens in nomine Jesu Christi crucifici sub Pontio Pilato, per singulos dies in opitulationem gentium efficit.

* *For translations, see end of Demonstration in next number.*

Origen writes to the same effect—Post haec nescio quare Celsus ait Dæmonum quorumdam nominibus et incantationibus videri pollere Christianos; opinor subindicans excantatores et expulsores Dæmonum; quod quidem manifestam præ se fert calumniam. Non enim incantationibus pollere videntur; sed nomine Jesu cum commemoratione ejus factorum. Nam his verbis sæpenumero profligati sunt Dæmones ex hominibus. Præcipue quoties qui enuntiant, ea sano affectu et integra fide proferunt. Tanta certe vis nomini Jesu inest ut, nonnumquam etiam a malis nominatum, sit efficax. Satis apparet Christianos nulla exercere incantamenta, contentos invocatione Jesu nominis, et recitatione scripturæ divinæ a fidelibus receptæ.§

Eusebius says, Quis autem ignorat nostræ esse consuetudinis, ipso Jesu nomine, et purissimis precibus omnem Dæmonum vexationem abigere?¶

The resurrection of Christ was previous to the time to which our authors refer, and its being undoubted was the cause of these prodigies.

The feasts celebrated by the apostles, and their successors. We know that they assembled on the Sabbath to break bread; and from that time to this, the first day of the week has not ceased to be a day of worship, of prayer, and of rest for all those who trust in God through Jesus. This day is consecrated to the memory of his resurrection, and is the most distinguishing feast among the Christians: but if the resurrection of Christ had been unknown, how could this have become general through the earth? could this feast have been established in consequence of a chimerical vision? It is impossible.

What is there more likely to commemorate great and eminent actions than this frequent, periodical, and universal feast? When it is wished that any event should be kept in remembrance from generation to generation, a time for its publick celebration should be appointed: and thus the resurrection of Christ is intimated to us by the return of the Sabbath, and its certainty proved by its connection with these posterior facts. *(To be continued.*

*FOR THE COMPANION.*

## THE PEDESTRIAN—RAMBLE I.

How lamentable it is to find one's self alone in this world. Like a majestick oak unsociably I stand, reared far above the puny grass blades that grow within the circle of my shade. Yes indeed I am somewhat superior to mere vegetable matter; for did I see a wild beast coming at me, I could flee, and in flight there would be safety:—not so the spear of grass—the keen-edged scythe of the mower is seen approaching, when, without retreating power to save themselves, down, down the resistless legions. But hark! scythe, did I say—and who comes here? Nay then I was mistaken; for I see a mighty scythe approaching. Time, the dreadful mower of all sublunary things, will soon have a hack at me. Yes, I see the keen-edged blade approaching, guided by him whose gigantick strides laugh at our snailish pace in flight.

Such is the nature of imperfect man.

Tired of the mercenary din and bustle of the town, I had hurried in the evening to the fields; where the honest farmers were preparing for "*harvest home*". How true is nature in analogy, said I, when the falling blade of grass pictured to me five feet seven inches of my own dear self stretched like an helpless swarth on the cold ground. Alas, poor Rario—thou must quit this scene, else these draughts of sympathy will make thee bankrupt—for a heart of sensibility can no more sustain a ceaseless train of such reflections, than an honest trader can supply the exorbitant and ever-increasing demands of unfeeling shavers. *Shavers!* repeated Leander, (who I did not know had overheard my soliloquy) I hate them; What, rob a man before his face, and call it buying money! I had heard some small arguments advanced in defence even of shaving; but my friend's irreconcileable dislike for those kind of gentry, one of whose honourable body had eased his father of a handsome estate, rendered it quite unnecessary for me to say any thing in extenuation. So, happy at having fallen in with Leander, whose congenial spirit always furnished something pleasing, we agreed to take our walk in company.

Having made good our journey to the top of the next eminence, we turned round to view, at a distance, this busy spot on earth, called Baltimore. What a difference—this city, when we were in it, seemed like unto a little world; now, at the distance of a few miles only, how altered—a mere point amidst surrounding hills. I had enjoyed silently the many beautiful landscapes and views round about, when suddenly I felt that there was a something wanting—there was an evident deficiency: Leander, said I, as I addressed myself to space, for Leander had long since left me, (without my knowledge) in pursuit of some new object that had struck his curious eye—as in such cases he never appears sensible that any one is with him:—Leander, are not you and I awkwardly situated here?—Methinks the presence of LAVINIA would add new life to this beautiful scene. I think indeed, my friend, we are very imperfect beings. O lovely woman!—dear Lavinia. What say you, Leander? Surprised the

no one should bear their part in this discourse, I began to think of the old saying—*love makes us mad*—upon which, as some honest people would say, I immediately instituted this necessary enquiry, whether this is myself, very Rario, or whether it be a deserter from the mad-house? I soon found that it was indeed me—for in that lucky moment I discovered Leander busy with some affair in the adjoining field, where were assembled some harvest men. I soon handed myself over the fence—when I found them stripping an unfortunate young man who had fallen from a tree. Having broken no bones in the fall, Leander, who in his extensive reading, has measured the dry, though useful, length of many a medical page, was preparing a lancet—in the mean time there arose a violent debate between BILLY FAINTHEART and FARMER RATIONAL—the latter observed that, according to great surgeons, bleeding was the first essential in all such cases; for, said Mr. Rational, "the best step you can take to-"ward curing a bruise, is first to extract the injured blood, "which is itself, as well as the vessels, bruised, of course "it is a powerful obstacle in the way of healing; but be-"ing drawn off, its place is immediately supplied with "pure blood, which nourishes and heals the part affect-"ed." 'O no, O no, La me! la me! exclaimed the 'affrighted Billy, don't, Doctor, don't do that—its hor-'rid for to go and cut the good man, *jist* because he hurt 'himself—O don't Doctor—indeed now nobody oughtent 'never to be blooded—blood is the life of us all—it al-'ways kills me to be blooded!'

Leander, while busied in his benevolent attentions to his patient, seemed to pay very little attention to *la me!*—but no sooner did the sufferer begin to move his arms, than my friend, evidently intending an attack on the simpleton, threw a mischievious glance on Billy—he observed it, and, as though fearing some demand was about to be made on his sanguine fluid, commenced a slow but steady retreat. Upon which Leander, brandishing his crimsoned blade, and calling on Mr. Faintheart to stop for him, made after him—but Billy, with straining eyes and nostrils, while his rebellious hair raised off his hat, and his affrighted knees began to smite each other, immediately imposed a heavy duty on his willing *under-standers*. Alarm was the word, and off was poor Billy—who, mayhap, is still going!

Leander soon concluded he could never overtertake a man by fair running affrighted as Mr. F. was—and very wisely came back to enjoy the laugh. By which time the young man had so far recovered as to return many thanks to the stranger Doctor for his goodness—and, having received their best wishes as well for our individual welfare, as for the general prosperity of the city which contained "such noble inhabitants," we bade them a cheerful good-by: Leander, happy in having performed a good action—and Rario, his humble friend, equally proud in having fine things said of him too, because, forsooth, he was found in good company. Fortunate Rario—good Leander.

I always receive double satisfaction, Mr. Easy, from being spoken well of, by the plain honest people in the country. With their opinions you find no mixture of flattery—because they meddle not with the noisy speculations, and consequent corruption, of mercantile manouvres. Ingenuous, free, and honest—their judgment is moral law; and black indeed is the heart of that wretch who could pass by their sons in distress—or attack the virtue of their daughters. Amen—Amen! RARIO.

## EXTRACT.

It was in the year 1784, that a gentleman and lady of Yorkshire were making the tour of Ireland.

Towards the close of one of those summer days when the threatening clouds appear to be surcharged with storms, they arrived at a small village, situated in a most romantic spot upon the margin of the principle lake of Killarney. Being that particular season of the year, when a great number of persons visit these celebrated lakes, every sleeping apartment in the only inn that the place could boast, was occupied before their arrival.

However, the master of the inn so far undertook to remedy the evil of sitting up during the night, which our travellers so much dreaded, that he promised them a comfortable apartment in the house of an honest fisherman, which stood upon a wooded eminence, about two miles distant from the town, and was situated upon the margin of the same lake.

The gentleman appearing to express some anxiety during this account of the house and its inhabitant, was instantly assured by his present host that he might place the utmost confidence in the hospitality of the fisherman's family, for he had long been acquainted with them.

Having no choice of habitations for the night, the gentleman was fain to consent to the proposal of his landlord notwithstanding he was under some apprehensions for the comfort of his companion, who was a very beautiful young lady, to whom he had lately been married.

They remained at the inn till after supper, when a guide was procured to conduct them to the fisherman's habitation, and being informed that the road was too narrow and

rough to admit a carriage, they left the village upon horseback, preceded by their guide, who had every appearance of a wild barbarian, lately brought from his native mountains.

The night was extremely stormy, and one of those furious blasts that occasionally sweep over the vast Atlantic, and heave its mighty waters, now howled in dismal sounds through the immense woods that frown over the murmuring lakes of Killarney, or wildly whistled through the narrow fissures and yawning caverns of stupendous mountains, that seemed to slumber amid the gloom of a night of unusual darkness.

The moon was in her third quarter, and extremely bright, but her beautiful lustre was obscured by black and heavy clouds, that were borne very swiftly along through the lurid air; yet ever and anon, her pale light glanced through an opening in the flying clouds, and gleamed on the surrounding scenery.

The road was miserably bad, and so narrow, that the travellers were obliged to proceed singly. It lay through part of a wild forest, and they continued their journey in a gloomy silence, some times winding under the mighty arms of gigantic oaks, that projected their knotted trunks over the pathway, and at others, slowly penetrating the solitary passes of rocks and woody glens. When the moon chanced to gleam her wan light through the cheerless gloom, they could perceive the wide expanse of a lake, at a little distance to their left, whose troubled waters added a sullen murmuring noise to the more wild whistling of the wind, and formed a fine bass to that solemn music which oft times plays amid the romantic objects of Nature's most sublime scenery, and has an effect upon the minds of those whose feelings are finely attuned, that no words can express. Vast and rude mountains, having their base cloathed with extensive woods, seemed to wave in mighty billows, in the back ground of the view.

Having spent a considerable time in climbing the abrupt steep of a rocky eminence, that hung over the lake, the travellers arrived at the door of a small thatched hut, that stood under the shade of some fine old trees, and which appeared to command a fine prospect of the lake, and all the adjacent scenery. Some large nets, that were extended upon long poles near the cottage, bespoke this spot to be the end of their journey.

Their guide had repeated a very loud halloo, that resembled the howl of some famished beast of prey, two or three times before the door of the hut was opened by a ruffian-like giant of a man, bearing a torch, who in a surly voice, asked what they wanted.

The guide having informed this man that the lady and gentleman he had conducted, were the travellers his master had sent to bespeak a bed for, the fisherman appeared more civil, and invited them to enter his habitation, at the same time making many apologies for the poverty of his accommodation. The gentleman dismissed his guide and the horses, with an order to return with them at an early hour in the morning to conduct him and his lady back to the town.

The travellers now entered the house, but not without experiencing a very considerable degree of anxiety, on account of the loneliness of their situation, and the savage appearance of their host. As they passed through the small kitchen, they observed several desperate looking men, of very large stature, seated round a blazing fire of wood, upon the hearth, where they appeared busily engaged in roasting potatoes; but, upon the entrance of the travellers, they immediately fixed their rude gaze upon them, and by their ruffian visages, much alarmed the young lady, who held close to her husband, and passed onwards to a small apartment on the same floor (for the house contained but one story), under the influence of the most painful apprehensions.

Their host having placed a candle upon the table, and wished them a good night's rest, left them to their own meditations. They now found themselves in a small room, containing a low truckle bed; but with scarcely any other furniture. A small casement opened upon a view of all the surrounding scenery; but the darkness of the night was now too profound to admit of any object being seen without. There was no kind of fastening upon the door; and in order to prevent any sudden intrusion, without some kind of warning, the gentleman placed an old worm-eaten, but heavy chest of drawers against it, and by that mean kept it close.

They at length retired to bed; but they were kept awake for a considerable time by the operation of their fears, and the wild music of the mountain blasts that howled around the hut, in most dismal sounds, and when a transient pause occurred, they were disturbed by the loud peals of coarse laughter, that proceeded from the adjoining apartment; but fatigue occasioned by a long day's journey, could no longer be amused by the operation of any outward circumstance, and at length the weary travellers fell asleep.

The night was very far advanced, when the gentleman was suddenly aroused from his slumbers, by a violent gesture from his wife, whom he found sitting up in bed apparently in an agony of fear, pointing to one corner of the apartment, and endeavouring in vain to speak. The

moon was then shining very bright, and he could perceive her lips and tongue moving as if in the act of speaking; but she spoke not, and retained a fixed stare upon an object, he could scarcely discern, in the most gloomy corner of the room, while her whole frame trembled with the most violent emotion and alarming gesture.

Her husband instantly became affected by her fears, and not daring to move, but wishing to shew a courage he did not possess, demanded in a loud voice the cause of her affright, at the same time, arraigning her folly for being infected by groundless fears. But, notwithstanding these bold ejaculations, he was himself most terribly alarmed; and, as he has very often assured me since, there was something so horrid in the attitude and dumb shew of his lady, who appeared convulsed with fear, that he would in those moments have granted any boon for the happy sound of one single word from her lips.

The lady continued in this dreadful situation, and her companion in a state very little more to be envied, until the morning's dawn began to steal upon the surrounding objects, and with gradual light to render them visible.

As the gloom of darkness slowly gave away to the happy light of a coming day, the object that had caused so much uneasiness became more perceptible. In the beforementioned corner of the room, stood a high-backed chair, over which had appeared the figure of a man, resting his arms upon it, and looking towards the bed, retaining one steady and immoveable attitude. In proportion as the light increased, the husband's courage returned, and at length he had the hardiness to venture out of bed, and examine the cause of their mutual terror; when lo and behold, it appeared to be merely the riding habit of the lady, which had been thrown across the back of the chair, and upon the top of which she placed her beaver hat. These articles of dress so far resembled the portraiture of a man enfolded in a long cloak, and peeping over the back of the chair, that even in the time of day, it might, upon a sudden glance of the eye, have been mistaken for the appearance of a ruffian, watching for an opportunity to spring forwards; therefore, the reader's surprise cannot be so great, that a timorous young lady, in such a situation, when her mind was ready to receive any impression of fear, should, through the doubtful medium of a gloomy shade, have worked up her imagination to a pitch of phrensy, which was gradually removed by the increasing light of day.

But such were the dreadful effects resulting from this trifling cause, that this amiable and accomplished young bride, bore the marks of the convulsive fear she had sustained on that fatal night, thro' all the remaining period of her life. Before this circumstance, her hair was of a most beautiful glossy black, and flowed in such elegant tresses, that it was universally admired; but so powerful were the effects of her fear, during that night, upon her delicate frame, that her hair, which had formerly been so much admired, became, almost instantaneously, entirely grey, and her nerves were never afterwards so strong as they had formerly been.

No persons are more empty than those who are full of themselves.

## TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

In our fourteenth number we published "*an Epistle from Lord Ossory to Lady Catesby,*" and in the twenty-seventh, a song beginning thus, "Though vain my most impassion'd tale"—They were both written by a gentleman of this state, who is since dead. The spirit of genuine poetry which they breathe, has given great delight to many; and we earnestly request the friends of the deceased to favour us with some more of his compositions. One of the principle objects of our paper is, to afford an asylum for fugitive pieces, and to save the effusions of genius from that oblivion, to which negligence as well as mosdesty frequently consign them.

We are happy to find that the abovementioned song has lately been set to music by *Mr. Meinecke*. The air is pleasing, delicate, and in our opinion very suitable to the words; and it is with additional pleasure we learn that this gentleman has undertaken to compose music for several original songs, which have lately appeared in the *Port-folio* and *Companion*. Such an union of the charming sister arts, must be highly gratifying to every mind of refinement and feeling, and we hope will be rewarded by the smiles of the fair, and the fostering hands of opulence and taste.

The Editor feels the extreme heat of the weather not only relaxing and debilitating to the body, but also to the mind; and if he may judge by the paucity of communications lately received, he must conclude that others are affected in a similar manner. He therefore requests that indulgence which he would willingly grant, while he spends in rambling, a few of the oppressive weeks of summer; during which, it shall be part of his business to collect materials for carrying on the paper, which will be supported in his absence by a few friends. But as their time may not allow them to supply much original matter, it is hoped that pleasing and judicious selections may be acceptable.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

The following is printed from a copy of the original manuscript, which was written in England, and we believe, it has never been published before.

### FIRE—FAMINE—SLAUGHTER.

AN ECLOGUE.

FAMINE *is discovered lying in a desolated plain in Switzerland. To her, enter* FIRE *and* SLAUGHTER.

*Famine*—Sisters, sisters, who sent you here?
*Slaughter*—I will whisper in your ear—
*Fire*—No, no, no !
Spirits hear what spirits tell,
'Twill make a holiday in hell!
No, no, no, !
Myself, I nam'd him first below,
And all the souls that damned be
Leapt up at once in anarchy,
Clapt their hands and danced for glee—
They no longer heeded me,
But laugh'd to hear hell's burning rafter
Unwillingly re-echo laughter!
No, no, no !
Spirits hear what spirits tell
'Twill make a holiday in hell!
*Famine*—Yet, whisper; sister, so and so;
In a dark hint—soft and low—
*Slaughter*—Letters *nine* do form his name !
And who sent you ?
*Famine*———The same, the same—
*Slaughter*—He came by stealth, and unlock'd my door,
And I have drank the blood since then
Of thrice three hundred thousand men !
*Both*—Who bade you do it ?
*Slaughter*———The same, the same,
Letters *nine* do form his name!
He let me loose, and cried halloo!
To him alone the praise is due.
*Famine*—Thanks, sister, thanks ! the men have bled,
Their wives and children faint for bread !
I stood in a swampy field of battle—
With bones and skulls I made a rattle
To frighten the wolf and the carrion crow,
And the harmless dog; but they would not go:
So, off I flew—for how could I bear
To see them gorge such dainty fare.
I heard a groan and a peevish squall,
And through a chink in a cottage wall—
Can you guess what I saw there?
*Both*—Whisper it, sister, in our ear!
*Famine*—A baby beat its dying mother—
I had starved the one, and was starving the other!
*Both*—Who bade you do it?
*Famine*———The same, the same—
Letters *nine* do form his name!
He let me loose, and cried halloo!
To him alone the praise is due.
*Fire*—Sisters, I from Hanover came;
Hedge and corn-field all on flame!
Halloo, halloo, the work is done.
And as I strode with giant strides,
I flung back my head, and held my sides—
It was so rare a piece of fun,
To see the swelter'd cattle run
With uncouth gallop through the night,
Scar'd by the red and noisy light!—
By the light of his blazing cot
Was many a wretched peasant shot!
Flame met flame and fiercely hist
While crash fell in the roof; I wist
On some of those old bed-rid nurses
Who deal in discontent and curses——
*Both*—Who bid you do it?
*Fire*———The same, the same—
Letters *nine* do form his name!
He let me loose, and cry'd halloo!
To him alone the praise is due.
*All*—He let us loose, and cry'd halloo!
To him alone the praise is due.
*Slaughter*—Stay, sisters, stay, I'll tell you more—
Horrors yet untold before!
Egypt—deep curses, doleful moans,
Mangled limbs, and dying groans;
The city sack'd, the ravag'd plain—
Heaps on heaps untimely slain
Not in fight, refusing quarter—
No, 'twas cool deliberate slaugther
Of the surrender'd, unarmed foe!!!
Ha, how the cannon laid them low!—
But what still remains to tell
Will make the fiends exult in hell,
When they shall learn how neat a trick
He play'd his wounded, and his sick—
———Sisters, did you ever hear?
*Both*—Whisper, whisper in our ear———
By *poison!* he their pains beguil'd!
And calmly look'd, and calmly smil'd!—
'Tis true, 'tis true, halloo, halloo!
To him alone the praise is due.—
*All*—He let us loose, and cry'd halloo!
How shall we yield him honor due?
*Slaughter*—I'll rouse Revenge, Sedition, Hate,
To hurl him from his high estate——
*Famine*—The time shall come—with lack of food
I'll gnaw, I'll gnaw the multitude;
Till the cup of rage o'er brim——
*Slaughter*—They shall seize him, and his brood,
They shall tear him limb from limb!
*Fire*—Oh thoughtless beldames, and untrue!
Is this all that ye can do
For *him* who did so much for you?
He, that so often, by my troth,
Has richly cater'd for you both;
And in one hour, would ye repay
Such wonderous work—away, away!
I alone am faithful! I,
Cling to him everlastingly!!!

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY
*COLE & HEWES,*
4 NORTH CHARLES-STREET.